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(4.)

Sir *EDMONDBURY GODFREY'S*

APPARITION

TO

Nat. Thompſon.

WHat ſhall I ſay? be not afraid, I know thou feareſt nothing; thou neither feareſt God nor King, man nor Devil, Jew nor Turk, Chriſtian nor Infidel; but like one beſotted with an inſatiable deſire of Silver; thou runneſt on headlong to thy own Deſtruction, deſiring nothing more than to break thy Neck into a Silver Mine. Gold is the God thou adoreſt, and thou would'ſt ſacrifice thy Body and thy Soul for half as much as the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* carried to *France*; elſe what means the many millions of Lies thou haſt broached, and brought into the World? How canſt thou behold me without Trembling? How canſt thou think on me without Anguiſh and Sorrow; but that God has given the up to Hardneſs of Heart, and a Rebrobate Sence? Thy Firſt and Second Letters to *Prance* have ſent me on this Errand; and I am come to tell thee, that thy Murder is more inhumane than the Papiſts was; they did but murder my Body, but thou haſt murthered my Reputation; and what do'ſt thou expect will be the Iſſue of this monſtrous Wickedneſs? A cheap Tryal here, and a dear Tryal hereafter, what Friends ſoever thou hopeſt to find here, be ſure not one *Tory* will be upon thy Jury hereafter: There will be no Popiſh Friends to mediate on thy behalf. *Portſmouth*'s Gold will not blind the Judges Eyes. At that day it will be in vain for thee to look over thy left Shoulder for St. *Omers* Ladds to witneſs for thee. Abhorrers thou mayeſt ſee, but few of thy Gang. Thou wilt ſee thoſe that will abhor the Authors and Printers of thy diſloyal, lying Intelligence; and many that will abhor thee for thy Diabolical Letters to Mr. *Prance*. Thou wilt meet with Evidence enough to confirm my Murther; but that Conſcience of thine will then be ſufficient alone, though now thou uſeſt all the Popiſh Artifices imaginable to blind it. Thou haſt choak'd thy Conſcience in *Fetter-Lane* with the ſame Cravat that choaked me in *Somerſet-Houſe*; and as they ran me me through with their Sword after I was dead, ſo haſt thou ſtabb'd my Reputation in hopes of being the Pope's Printer after thy Sovereign's deceaſe. But hold Villain, there's more than up and ride; there will be many a ſcratch'd Face before that day comes: The Pope will find hot Footing in *England*. He and his Crew will be as warmly entertain'd here, I hope, as the poor Proteſtants were by Queen *Mary* in *Smithfield*. It is not a few Addreſſers, and a few Abhorrers, that can make a Gap for him

him to enter: All the Diſſenters, and every ſober Proteſtant will vigorouſly oppoſe him; (tis true indeed) there may be a few ſuch Diſloyal Villains as thou art, who have Maggots in their Heads, inſtead of Brains, that would ſell your King and Country for a Groat or Six-pence; and for ſome ſelf Ends you may ſtrive to uſher him in in vain, and at laſt be rewarded for it according to your Merits, with a lucky Turn upon an unlucky Tree, the ſame Fate that in all probability thou art deſtin'd to ſhake hands with; but what will your Endeavors avail you? It will be but like ſeeking to pluck a Mote out of the Sun, or pulling an ominous Star from the Sky for 'Squire *Gadbury*'s uſe, or like waſhing the Blackamore white: You may as well hope to empty the Sea with a Nut-ſhell, or break the Heavens with a Smiths Hammer, or make Mrs. *Celier* bring the Hermophradite to Bed, as expect to impoſe your *Peter Pence* upon Free-born Subjects. Never think to blow your Jeſuits Powder in their Eyes, to blind them in theſe days of Light: The Inclinations and Bent of every Engliſh Heart runs quite another way. What, will they ſuffer Popery to enſlave them? No. they will as as ſoon permit the Devil his Maſter to reign over them: For both his Ways and his Principles tend to Deſtruction. What's the end of all thy Scribling, but to bring an *Odium* upon the Proteſtant Martyrs (of which number I am one) to vilifie thoſe that laid the Ax to the root of the Plot, to ſtifle their Evidence, and to make Demi-Gods of a parcel of *Iriſh* Raſcalls, whoſe Necks itch for a Cure by their own Country Gads. A Rope is too genteel a Cravat for them, and indeed a Hanging too favorable a Death for ſuch perjured Villains. But let us leave them to mend, as ſoure Ale doth in Summer, and come a little cloſer to *Proteſtant Nat*. Which of the Popiſh Lords have requited thee beſt for thy incomparable Services, or what has the fine Foreign Lady left behind her to ſupply thee with Gold; for that's the Oyl that makes thy Popiſh Wheels run on ſo nimbly? Did not thoſe glittering pieces dazle the Eyes of thy Conſcience, thou could'ſt never write at this rate. Thy Eyes were opened not long ago, and thou could'ſt ſee me murther'd, barbarouſly, cruelly, and inhumanely murther'd by the Popiſh Villains; but now thou ſleepeſt upon a Silver Bolſter, and the Art of Man cannot awaken thee: It will be well if thou awakeſt before the Flames of Hell rouze thee out of thy Security. I charge thee in thy Creator's Name, ſeriouſly to conſider the Injury thou haſt done to me, that died for no other end than preſerving the Proteſtant Religion: And I charge thee to remember, that the better part of thy Life is already miſpent, and that now it's high time to leave off thy Maſquerading Tricks, and ſolemnly vow to do thy God and thy King, and thy Country ſome more acceptable Service. It's not the Art of a ſilly *Roman* Latin-Aſs, that can ſave thee from the Stroaks of the Almighty. Repent of the Injury thou haſt done me, and I forgive thee; but above all, repent of thy Wickedneſs done to God and thy Country, that the Almighty may pardon thee, and put it into the Hearts of the Parliament, to deal mercifully with ther, or be aſſured, that if thou do'ſt not transform thy ſelf into the Shape of a Cat, by the help of the Devil, the Commons will find thee out, and bring thee to the Gallows which groans for thee.

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